

## OFFICE LETTER

To Bruce Crawford	Office	Date Sept 9 <sup>th</sup> 1940
From Roscoe W. Brown, Arbovale West Va. Office		Referring to
Subject Natural Setting : <u>Pocahontas Co History</u> -3		File

Separate sheet for each subject. Omit all formalities. For office letters only.

Dear Mr, Crawford. I am mailing to you my report , and if there is any thing that is not right, or that you don,t understand pleas write me about the matter.

You will see one sheet of the land grantees , of Pocahontas County it is alphabetic order , and is all that is recorded in the Land Grant Book of Pocahontas No 1. in the letter A. There will be about a page of names in each letter of the alphabet , This will show the names of the original land grantees by the Commonwealth of Virginia, the Acres, local description , date of grant and Number of Grant Book page . This will carry us back to the Grant Books of Augusta and Bath Countys, of Virginia , but there are no names in the letter A that is in the Bath County Books that covered the area of Pocahontas County

This is only a suggestion of my own to have this index inserted in the Pocahontas history, it will show to the reader the names of the pioneers that took up the wild lands of Pocahontas County, and there is no better way to arrive at the names of the pioneers than this method; it would give a complete historical foundation. Please let me know by return mail if I should work

to the saved. **EARLY LIFE AND OCCUPATIONS**

The men and women who crossed the mountains to find homes of their own in the wooded valleys of Pocahontas County sentenced themselves to an existence of great rigor and hardship. They obtained their homes, to be sure, but that initial achievement probably was the easiest part of the battle.

Life during the first years in the new land was a relentless struggle against the constant threats of starvation, disease, and the counter attacks of resentful savages.

The home was the center of all the pioneer's thoughts and activities.

There were no trades nor industries that were not a part of the home life.

The ambition of land-hungry men to see broad acres on every side precluded

the development of community life and shut each household off into a world

of its own. Within this self-imposed prison the frontiersman labored and

dreamed of a day when he might ride proudly as one of the landed gentlemen

of the new country.

The size and comfort of the pioneer home was limited not by the de-

sires or needs of the family so much as by the skill and manpower available.

The men frequently went out alone or in small parties to prospect for their

farm sites. The cabins they built were the products of forest trees and

lashed to the eaves. The superstitious were always careful to lay the roof in the light of the moon since one laid in the dark of the moon was sure to be ruined by warping of the boards.

Windows presented a serious engineering problem. Not only did they weaken the walls but they made the house less impregnable to Indian attack. Greased paper was the only glazing material available. Consequently many of the early cabins had no windows or were simply fitted with small loopholes between the logs. Moss and mud were used to caulk the chinks. However moss proved to be such a popular nesting place for mice and assorted vermin that its use was soon discontinued. The fireplace and chimney were frequently built of sticks heavily plastered with mud. Such a makeshift was usually replaced with stone after the family had become established.

Floors in the new homes were of clay or sand. Later the more progressive settlers installed rough puncheon floors. A novel arrangement was that in the Gibson cabin on Elk. A puncheon floor about 12 inches above the ground level covered all but the area surrounding the fireplace. This eliminated a serious fire hazard and provided a bench on which members of the family could sit about the fire.

Such casual disregard of formal furnishings was general along the frontier. To bring furniture across the Alleghenies on pack

when outside fireplaces could not be used. This was but one of the countless duties of the pioneer housewife. Besides keeping the house, caring for the children, and helping with the farm work the wife and her older children had the task of providing clothing for the family. Cloth from the store was an almost unknown article. Every girl on the frontier was of necessity acquainted with the use of the spinning wheel, the loom, and various other implements for converting wool and flax stalks into cloth.

A choice bit of ground on each farm was reserved as the flax patch. The ripened stalks of flax were pulled by hand and subjected to three or four weeks of drying and weathering in an open field. The raw material was then stored until the frost of approaching winter had freed all hands from more immediate tasks. By means of the breaker, the scutching knife and the hackle, the woody part of the stalks was crushed and combed from the linen fiber. The coarse "tow" was woven into work clothes, grain sacks, and other articles subject to heavy wear. The finer linen was reserved for better clothing and household linens. The entire process, from planting to completion of the garment, took place within the limits of the individual homestead.

The ash hopper to be found outside the door was probably West Virginia's first chemical plant. The hopper was constructed by placing boards in a split log to form a V-shaped trough which was lined with straw. Ashes from

could not claim the virtue of mildness, it served as a toilet soap as well as for laundering and all other cleaning purposes.

Mrs. Mildred Shinaberry, who died in 1936 at the age of 93, loved to tell of the washday trials of the early Pocahontas housewife. Clothes were originally washed at the nearest creek and pounded clean on a flat rock.

As the settlements grew and skilled coopers moved in many families allowed themselves the luxury of wooden tubs. During Mrs. Shinaberry's youth some inventive genius originated a washboard which was simply a smooth plank in which horizontal grooves were cut. However, Mrs. Shinaberry and many of her neighbors scorned this threat to the honesty of their labors and continued to use their hard-worked knuckles. The daughters of the family soon obtained one of these home-made miracles, and, in 1900, Lucy, the youngest, became the owner of one of the first factory-made boards in the neighborhood.

The difficulties attached to laundering and bathing together with the absence of knowledge of sanitation made such practices much more infrequent than is now considered essential. Besides, in the minds of many such extreme cleanliness was not only a waste of time but was quite dangerous as well. Older residents of the Greenbrier Valley knew quite well that anyone foolish enough to bathe his body or his head during the cold months from October until April deserved the inevitably fatal results of such an undertaking.

almost every cabin were hung with numerous herbs having real or imagined healing powers. There was hardly a man who had not performed some crude surgical operation at some time upon either his family or his live stock. "Yarb" doctors and midwives were numerous. Mrs. Diana Saunders of Dry Branch is still remembered as one of the colorful members of this group. In his History of Pocahontas County, Dr. Wm. T. Price relates a typical anecdote of Granny Saunders. He relates that when he was about six weeks old he suffered such a severe attack of whooping cough that he was actually believed dead. Granny Saunders came to the Price home, dashed the apparently lifeless body into a tub of warm water and pierced his body between the shoulders with a razor. She inserted a goose quill into the chest cavity through this opening and blew through the quill until the infant was once more breathing for himself. Granny Saunders, "Aunt Teenie" Moore of Knapps Creek, and countless other pioneer women of the county did much to relieve the suffering of their neighbors. Thomas Bradshaw, son of the pioneer of Huntersville, and John McNeil of Dry Creek administered aid in the form of hot baths, bleeding, and practiced pharmacy according to the dictates of the so-called "botanical school." Also in this group was David Hannah of the Old Field branch of Elk, who is thought to be the first of these forest-wise practitioners to live in lower Pocahontas. No matter how dubiously their methods are regarded today, these people played an important role in

surgery, he claimed, was performed upon a French soldier who had been shot through the stomach with a heavy ball. Observing that he must act quickly to save the man, Dr. Tacy ordered a sheep and proceeded to substitute the sheep's stomach for that of the soldier. The story continues that the operation was a complete success save that the patient entertained an overwhelming appetite for grass and other green forage for the rest of his days.

First graduate in medicine to locate in Pocahontas was Dr. George B. Moffett who came to Huntersville in 1843. Dr. Matt Wallace began practice at Mill Point in 1858, Dr. John Ligon settled at Clover Lick, and Dr. S. P. Patterson arrived in Huntersville at the close of the War between the States.

To survive in the early days of the county meant that every member of the family must work hard, days upon end without rest, at the numerous tasks about the farm. Technical skill and scientific methods were not in the vocabulary. Physical strength, disregard for bodily discomforts, and an agile brain trained by experience were the attributes of the successful pioneer. The weak died, for there was little pampering to prolong their lives. The importance placed on physical excellence is reflected in the prominence of such young men as Lewis Collins, Andrew Edmiston, and Thomas Johnson.

These men were the heroes of their day not because of brilliant achievements

Through the worn law of survival of the fittest this physical stamina extended to the women and children as well. Children were considered the "Lord's will." Though there is, no doubt, considerable truth in the belief that large families were wanted to do the farm work, it is more probable that this fatalistic acceptance is largely responsible for the unbelievable size of many families of the early nineteenth century. For every woman who lived to the advanced ages acclaimed by historians, there were dozens of women who died at an early age from overwork and continuous childbearing. Families of less than five or six children were considered quite small. Clark McCloud was the father of 21 children, and Timothy McCarty trailed this record with 20. Each of these men was married twice. Largest family of one couple on record was that of Clark and Phebe Mann of Indian Draft who had 17 children, 16 of whom lived to adulthood. William and Nancy Wilson ~~Wanless~~ were the parents of nine daughters and seven sons; Samuel and Ann McGuire ~~Wagh~~, early residents of The Hills, had nine sons and five daughters; Jacob and Mary Brown ~~Wagh~~ had 15 children of whom five lived to adulthood. Diphtheria, dysentery and countless other diseases took their toll, often wiping out entire families. I ventured forth to induce one of the most popu-



children to safety only to discover that Lawrence was still asleep in the burning house. He dashed back and retrieved the baby from a mass of flames which left both of them scarred for the rest of their lives.

Prior to the time of the War between the States the children had little education other than the small amount which they received at home. Among a goodly portion of the people there was a distrust of too much formal education. Those who sat about and read rather than busying themselves with some manual task were rightly considered out of step with the era. The first schools were supported by the more ambitious and well-to-do families. School was held in one of the homes or in an abandoned cabin or shed. The teacher boarded around among the scholars, receiving little remuneration in addition to their room and board. The education of the teacher was frequently of the most informal nature. Many were persons who simply had access to a library and read until they felt that they had mastered the elementary subjects. William Baxter of Edray, born in 1808, was the son of Col. John Baxter, owner of the largest library in the vicinity. The younger Baxter studied the contents of the hundred or more volumes on the three R's, religion, and allied subjects and ventured forth to become one of the most popular of the early pedagogues.

Reading material was limited in variety as well as quantity. The Bible, a few elementary text books and some religious works constituted the average collection. The Presbyterian and Methodist circuit riders brought in a large part of this material. The will of John Young, dated in 1843, lists a representative example of the libraries of the period:

"To my son John Young, the 1st. and 3rd. volumes of Clark's Commentary,

also 1st. and 3rd. vols. of Wesley's Sermons. To my daughter Jane Cochran, Woods Dictionary in two volumes, Simpsons Plea for Religion, and Fletcher's Appeal to Matter of Fact and Common Sense. To my daughter Sarah Ann Young, 2nd. volume of Clark's Commentary. To my daughter Martha Adkison, the 4th. vol. of Clark's Commentary. To my son Andrew Young, the remaining part of all of my printed books either now in my possession or loaned out to my neighbors."

William R. Moore appears to have been a scholar of his day. A bill of sale drafted in his name in 1865 includes: "Key to Ray's Arithmetic, Grammar, McGuffeys Third Reader, Ray's Algebra, Natural Phillosophy, Conquests of the Bible, Medical Chemistry, Speller and Definer, Davies Surveying, Mitchels Geography, Phillosophy and History, Walkers Dictionary, Tradesmans Companion, Mechanics Companion, One lot of books and pamphlets."

More important than formal education was practical experience in farming and household arts. The young folk of Pocahontas married at an early age in the pioneering days. Financial status was of little consequence. Establishment of a new home cost little but labor and hardihood in the face of adversity, traits in which the pioneer youth had been conditioned since

childhood.

measure hunt in which a hydrocarbonous lady known as "Black Betsy" awaited  
the riders at the end of the trail.

Hoarded linens and fine linsey dresses and shirts were the order of  
the day. In the evening young and old joined in the jigs and square dances.  
The local fiddlers dusted off "The Forked Deer," "Tug Boat," "The Lost Girl",  
"Curwood Mountain," "Washington's March," "Cluck Old Hen," "Turkey in the  
straw," and so many of the other old tunes that even the most tireless of  
the young bloods would finally stagger from the floor in a bedraggled state  
of exhaustion. Meanwhile the new and old songs were echoing from the moon-  
lit hillsides: "Oh, Susanna," "Barbara Allen," "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,"  
and "Old Dan Tucker" maintained long-run popularity records.

The setting up in housekeeping of the new couple was likewise a com-  
munity affair. The groom's neighbors joined him in building a cabin and  
it was far more comfortable and substantial than the first settlers had been  
able to piece together through months of unaided, back-breaking struggle.  
The only obligation was a return of like service upon call. In like manner  
the now famous husking bees, quilting parties, and harvest armies grew, com-  
bining the efficiency of coordinated labor with social gratification of  
the people scattered among the lonely mountains.

Life in Pocahontas remained a constant fight against the wilderness

in his methods. Fields were cleared by cutting out the trees and brush by hand. After the dead brush and wood had been dragged into heaps and the surrounding area raked clean, a log burning would be announced. The burning was usually done at night after the evening breeze had died down. The waiting period was consumed in spelling bees, story telling, singing, tumbling exhibitions, or, if the crowd convened early enough to have sufficient light, one of the countless shooting matches.

At last the men would light their torches and dart among the brush piles, sending orange flames darting through the heaps. While the sooty and perspiring men guarded against flying embers their families continued the festivities by the light of the crackling fires. There were always a few maidens who formed a giggling audience for the capering, younger firemen. At such gatherings the young folk traded secret glances, exhibited their skill and prowess in a very, very unconscious manner, and held hands and made the plans which would soon occasion other gatherings affording opportunities for other young couples to continue the cycle.

Once the farmer's land was cleared his struggle was only begun. Cultivating the ground with a plowshare of firehardened wood was a backbreaking ordeal. Even after use of the steel shovel plow became general, the task of turning the rocky, stump-clogged fields into usable farm land was enough

gave him the appearance of a near-sighted old man searching the ground for a lost coin. Jeremiah Friel, son of Daniel O'Friel who came from Ireland in 1740, was one of the champion reapers of the lower Pocahontas region. As the harvest season approached he and his four sons were always among the early arrivals at Squire Robert Gay's, whose wheat was usually first to ripen. When all had arrived the whole party would race, whooping and singing, into the fields. A dozen handfuls, ten stood on end and covered by the remaining two, made a sheaf. He who could leave the most sheaves in his wake was a man to be honored and respected.

From Gay's the harvesters would progress up the river, clearing each stand as they went, until James Bridger's was reached. From there they continued to the farms of William and John Sharp, then to Josiah Brown's and on until they finished Robert Moore's fields at Edray.

Emergencies were not infrequent. One evening at Friel's the harvesters were overtaken by evening before they could get all the cut grain into sheaves. The crew adjourned to the house, leaving the remaining wheat to be put up in the morning. Just as the men were retiring, weary and full of a harvest supper, Friel was alarmed to see the ominous flashing of a thunderstorm crowding in over the mountains. He immediately roused his

day's production. As the size of the crops was increased the threshing was done by freshly shod horses. The grain was spread on a heavy platform, and a small boy mounted on one horse would lead another tramping out the wheat. In this manner two or three teams could thresh 40 to 50 bushels a day. The wheat was then tossed into the air with a shovel, and the lighter chaff would blow away. The remainder was then shaken through a coarse sieve; the chaff coming to the top was raked off by hand. This slow method gave way to the winnowing sheet which was tossed by two men while a third shook the grain into the sheet. The winnowing sheet continued in use until the development of the wheat fan. In 1839 William Gibson of Huntersville introduced the first crude threshing machine known as a "Chaff piler." This machine, operated by Jesse Whitmer and John Galford, was to the Pocahontas residents one of the first wonders of the world. Powered by four horses its threshing cylinder could spin out more grain than a herd of horses could have tramped out by the old method. The inability of corn to mature in the short seasons had become a disheartening problem. Many a crop produced little but fodder. John Johnson, a pioneer of West Marlinton whose cabin stood just below the bridge site, heard that corn had matured in Nicholas County and secured a quantity of the seed. The tale of his adventures on this trip is typical of many that occurred in the trackless forests of the country's infancy. Upon his return he told of having becoming lost on Black Mountain and wandering about for nine days unable to find anything to eat save a small garter snake which he had been unable to force himself to swallow. Near the point of collapse he finally came upon a cabin where he gasped out his story to the woman who

admitted him. She was upon the verge of serving him a hearty meal when her husband entered and averted her mistaken generosity. He fed the starved Johnson on small quantities of mush and milk until the wanderer became sufficiently recovered to retain more solid foods. After several days of convalescence Johnson was able to continue his journey. The seed which he brought with him produced one of Marlinton's first crops.

Most of the corn was eaten in the form of jonney (journey) cakes and hominy. Before the establishment of the water powered mills most of the corn was ground in hominy blocks which were nothing more than large mortars made from a section of tree trunk standing about waist high. The corn was placed in the burned-out hollow of the block and crushed with a heavy plunger. The finer meal was separated and used in baking the cakes, the courser grains either were pounded again or used as it was for hominy.

Had the early resident of the county relied solely upon agriculture for his livelihood he would have starved within a few months. Hunting and trapping became as much a part of the farmer's routine as was the tending of his fields. A wide spread practice was that of getting up several hours before dawn and going into the woods with a rifle. The hunter was able to surprise deer and other game while it was still bedded down or just beginning to feed. Many hunters were able to bag tremendous amounts of game without being away from home overnight or losing many of the precious daylight hours from his farm work.

John E. Adkison used to tell many stories of more extended hunting expeditions. He related that on such trips the hunters seldom expected to see much game the first day out. However, after they had accustomed their senses

to the woods they were able to stalk and kill game with such skill that they soon had as much as they could carry home.

When John Barlow bought the property known as the "Brook place," he paid for it in venison at the rate of one half dollar per saddle or pair. He estimated that he had killed 1,500 deer during his hunting career. His most fruitful hunting day was one in which he killed six deer and wounded the seventh. The trade in meat and furs was almost the only way that farmers along the Greenbrier could obtain the goods which they could not produce on their own land. The traders at Huntersville and Staunton enjoyed a tremendous business in which hardly any cash was ever seen. Cured meat and furs bought dress goods, hardware, kitchen utensils, lead, gun powder, and countless other commodities which could not easily be manufactured along the frontier.

The herb ginseng likewise proved a boon to those who longed for some of the things that would make their frontier life much more comfortable. "Seng" was worth from 30 cents to 80 cents a pound when dried. It grew in comparative profusion throughout a large portion of the county. Numerous are the legendary seng patches where a man could dig himself a small fortune in a few weeks. Apparently there is one somewhere between the headwaters of Greenbrier and the Shavers Fork of Cheat which was discovered by a Union scouting party during the War between the States. The nephews of one of these soldiers, Jim and Sol Workman of Marlinton, set out to find this wondrous place where the stalks grew as thick as weeds over an area of two or three acres. Their uncle had described the patch as being on the boundary of an old, blazed line survey. Outside of Durbin they discovered such a boundary line and followed it for several days taking ginseng that they found along the way and



camping on the trail. At the end of a week they came upon the place only to discover that someone had preceded them by only a few days. However their trip was not at all unprofitable since the seng they had collected along the route brought approximately \$200 at the prices then current.

Ginseng had already won the respect of the Workman family long before Sol and Jim made their trip to the fabled patch. Their father, A. J. Workman, bought a farm of 175 acres on Rock Run and paid for it by hunting ginseng which was then selling at 75¢ a pound. He was typical of the early farmers who thus supplemented the production of their farms by capitalizing on the natural resources to be found in the woods. From ginseng, golden seal, and seneca snake root he derived a cash income. Furs of mink and raccoons were traded for salt, sugar, coffee and similar commodities. The first white sugar acquired in one such exchange proved a marvelous novelty to the Workman children, who had never known any but the brown product which was boiled from the maple sap every year.

A new source of revenue for the farmer-hunter opened after the War when live stock gained new impetus. Sheep herders discovered that the county's abundance of large game animals was now a distinct liability. Flocks were frequently wiped out by bears and wolves which lurked in the uncut timber surrounding a large part of the pasturage in the county. Bounties of \$4.00 a head for bears and \$15.00 a head for wolves were announced by Editor J. B. Canfield's Pocahontas Times on August 26, 1886. In that particular year 54 bears were proven for bounty - about the same number as have been killed in recent years in Pocahontas. A. M. V. Arbogast won top honors that year with a score of three bears and one wolf. W. H. Collins proved four bears, and

James Gibson bagged three. James Sharp and C. C. Arbogast trailed the leaders with two bears each. Bill Paine, Nathan Burgess, commander of the Little Level. Bears were usually caught either by hunting with dogs or by the use of heavy steel traps or log snares. The few wolves killed in Pocahontas were killed by poisoned bait or were trapped in pyramid-shaped pens. These ingenious traps were baited with old or crippled sheep and left open at the top. The wolf could scramble up the inclined walls and leap upon the ill-fated bait, but when he was ready to leave he would discover that the opening was too high for him to reach. Four boys their names being and named the boys. Many thrilling tales have grown out of the struggles with sheep killing bears. Powerful Francis McCoy wrestled a seven foot bear through the laurel thickets and stone rubble of Black Mountain for several eternally long minutes before his hunting partner, the Reverend Asa Shinn McNeill, could safely bring his gun to point on the tumbling monster. Lame Paw and Gid Bellion, largest outlaws killed in Pocahontas, terrorized stockmen for years before irate hunters finally brought them to bay. reminiscent of landowners. As the tidal wave of the frontier rolled on to the West the character of Pocahontas life changed tremendously. The destitute pioneers who had risked their lives for the privilege of scraping out the barest existence in the new land were now settled, moderately prosperous farmers. Relieved of the constant threat of starvation they turned to the problem of gratifying their desire for easier, more comfortable living. Richard Hill hired the Kennison brothers to build him a house which was the show place of the Little Levels. The Reverend John Vaughn, a skillful blacksmith, found business booming as his neighbors became dissatisfied with their makeshift tools and flocked to buy

his hoes and pitch forks and well-tempered axes. William Mayse was kept busy in his smithy at Mill Point. Nathan Burgess, gunsmith of the Little Levels, produced custom-made rifles, and his brother, John, a skilled carpenter, found new prosperity in his trade as people called upon him to build new houses and barns which a few years before would have been raised by their own hands.

Michael Daugherty, Peter Lightner, Daniel Kerr, and a score of others built their water powered mills along the Pocahontas streams, and the demand for well-ground meal and flour kept their burrs turning and doomed the hand mill and hominy block to a fast-receding past. Saws and powder mills were added to many of these establishments, and laboriously hewn timbers gave way to sawed lumber while powder became more easily available. William Civey of Anthony Creek developed one of several tan yards which gave the Pocahontas farmers good leather for shoes and harness. The Shraders also became famous for their leather.

Economic conditions in the county improved tremendously as landowners turned to stock raising. The limestone soil produced rich pasturage with a minimum of cultivation in contrast to the disheartening struggle of the early farmers to wrest decent crops from the rolling land. Cattle, sheep and horses of unexcelled quality carried the fame of the county to surrounding states. Lee's famous mount, Traveler, was foaled in Pocahontas' own Little Levels. Large farms such as that of the Warwicks prospered on the new diversification. Slaves gave the region a new likeness to the parent settlements.

Huntersville merchants often realized more than 300 per cent on their

goods in the booming retail trade which developed prior to the War between the States. The strings of pack horses brought the latest goods and returned to Staunton with the meat, hides, and other products of the new section. Unable to meet the growing trade they gave way grudgingly to the wagon trains which coursed the new roads. Travelers' Repose, in the northern part of the county became a famous stopping point for east-west travel.

The wagon trains developed a society all their own. Tough, wiry men, the drivers thrived on the hard trips through mud and rain and burning sun. If one bogged down, the next to come along worked and sweated and drove his team to their utmost endurance to help the stranded freighter. The ribald whooping, cursing and singing with which they broke the monotony of the trips scandalized the quiet folk along the road. Hundreds of men such as Fred Beard, John Gay, Paul Sharp and his sons Edgar and Ellis, Bill, Sam and Page Gay, Taylor Moore, Lloyd Reed, the Dilleys - Andrew, John, Amos and Willie, Dave Moore, Mac Irvine, John Clarkson, John Grimes and Sam Freeman piloted the broad-tired, high-bowed freighters which were the heart of Pocahontas' traffic with the outside world. Not until the twentieth century brought the railroads to the county's door did freighters give way to the rush of the machine era.

Pocahontas did not succumb to the industrialization that set in in the later part of the nineteenth century. The St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company took out millions of feet of white pine, but the rich forests remained as if untouched. A small coal mine was opened at Briary Knob in the late 80's to supply fuel for St. Lawrence's logging locomotive which had been hauled in on wagons. The county was found to be rich in coal, building stone,

and other natural resources.

Rich though it was in such natural resources the county entered the twentieth century still as a quiet, farming, stock-raising community. Cereal grains, garden truck, live stock and the traditional forest products remained the prime concern of the citizens. The creaking water mills continued to grind, and the husky, hill-bred horses withstood the challenge of the new horseless carriages. 1910 saw the industrial revolution barely touching the unhurried life of Pocahontas.

The home was the center of all the physical, the life and activities. There were no trains nor industries that were not a part of the life. The addition of land-drainage was to be a great step in the development of a comfortable life and that such households of the world of the time. Within this self-sufficient pioneer life, the frontier was beloved and dreamed of a day when he might ride proudly as one of the landed gentlemen of the new country.

The life and thought of the pioneer home was limited not by the de-